

A BENEDICTION.

BY C. R. CHESLEY.

In asking for you heaven's most gracious blessing,
One word alone I need:
One word in which I want of strength con-
fessing
For God's dear aid we plead.

You go forth boldly as to joust or tourney,
Grand in your dauntless pride;
If God be with you through life's untried jour-
ney,
Naught else you need beside.

You gaze with fearless eyes beyond the portal
Through which your new path leads;
May God be with you for his love immortal
Subtleties all our needs.

What will your war-cry be when foes grow
bolder
And strike on either hand?
When skies grow darker, love and friendship
collier?
"God, and the promised land!"

Traced by the touch of bright angelic fingers,
I read upon your brow,
Where yet the guilelessness of childhood
lingers
"Go forth and conquer now."

Go forth, for Christ's dear love defended,
To guide you heaven's clear light;
Your pathway by all angels pure attended—
Go forth and win the fight!

IN THE REALM OF SCIENCE.

BY S. M. JELLEY.

Like many other young women, not yet out of their teens, I was, through financial misfortune, thrown upon my own resources for a livelihood. By dint of steady practice I mastered stenography, became a proficient type-writer, and subsequently secured a lucrative position as private secretary to Mr. Banks, senior partner of Banks, Price & Co., publishers.

Last summer, during the fine weather, I found it pleasant to walk home, instead of riding in the crowded street cars, and usually at five o'clock I donned my hat and gloves and started on my little journey. My attention was directed to a gentleman of clerical appearance whom I frequently met at a certain corner. Tall, of fine form and pleasing address, he was noticeable among the stream of commonplace humanity one meets upon a city thoroughfare.

As the days wore on, the constant meeting with this stranger became a matter of course, and I came to know him at it, and, in truth, so familiar was his face that I experienced a sense of disappointment when, occasionally, I failed to meet him. He was some professional man, I thought, whose business hours were over about the time mine were, and our ways were opposite.

One day our eyes met, and I was startled at the peculiar brilliancy of his eyes. They were blue, shaded by heavy, white lashes, and a curious, lambent, tiny flame seemed to scintillate in them. He seemed to regard me with pleasure, for a light smile lighted up his intellectual features, yet his manner was so respectful that I did not feel the liberty, and went on my way with a vague wish to form his acquaintance.

Two weeks later, while busy with my type-writing, my silent acquaintance was ushered into Mr. Banks' office. His name was Robert Sutherland, and his business was with Mr. Banks' office. He was a man of a ponderous manuscript upon nervous diseases and their connection with insanity. In a low, well-bred voice he carried on a rapid conversation, displaying profound knowledge of medicine and deep research in the mysteries of human ailments. Apparently engrossed in my work, I paid strict attention to the conversation, and happening to look up I found him gazing at me. Against the queer expression of his eyes arrested my attention. He smiled faintly, and slightly inclined his head in a deferential salute. In a few minutes the interview was ended, and he departed.

In a few days he had further business with Mr. Banks, and an introduction followed, as portions of his manuscript were to be put through my type-writing, as Mr. Sutherland revised it. I found him courteous and pleasant, and as I progressed with the work we became quite friendly. Upon examining a roll of closely written sheets, I found an envelope addressed to me. It read as follows:

MISS ORA OLNEY—Pardon my seeming forwardness in thus coming to you, but I can think of no other agreeable method of approach. I earnestly wish for a better acquaintance, and with the desire to obtain it, I am to afford you some diversion, will you do me the honor to take a park drive, to-morrow evening, with yours sincerely, etc.

My surprise was unbounded. After thinking the matter over I decided to accept his invitation. He met me at the street door of the office, and for two hours I was well entertained. The park was in full foliage, the air was balmy and pleasant, and when he lifted me to the pavement, at home, I thanked him cordially for the pleasure I had enjoyed.

After his departure I remembered that his eyes seemed to glitter whenever our arms came in contact, or our hands accidentally touched. Deeming it of little moment, I dismissed the thought from my mind.

The drive was followed by a request to go with him to see Mary Anderson, in "Pygmalion and Galatea." Evening fell with a storm of wind and rain. He came in his coupe, and within its closed doors we were secure from the boisterous elements. Suddenly I discovered that we were again in the park!

I turned to my companion in alarm and asked: "Why have you driven so far out of the way?"

"I thought it would be more pleasant within the gloomy shadows of the park," he replied, quietly.

At that instant his face was illumined by an electric light, and I saw his gleam and glitter as if they were huge diamonds. My heart stood still in horror. An insidious fear crept through my veins, and a mad impulse prompted me to fling open the glass doors of the coupe and leap to the ground. As though he divined my thoughts, he said:

"Keep your seat. It is wet and muddy, and, besides, we are far from the park entrance."

"Mr. Sutherland," I replied, summoning all my courage, and speaking with as much decision as possible, "you will do me the favor to leave the park at once and drive to my home."

"Drive you home! Ha, ha! That is far from my intentions. Miss Ora, can you imagine why I have brought you here to-night?"

It flashed upon me that he was insane. The curious appearance of his eyes was nothing more or less than an indication of madness, and all the previous cunning of a chaotic brain he had planned some horrible deed, and selected me as his victim. What should I do? My danger was imminent, and I must act instantly.

"Certainly I do not, sir; but it seems to me this portion of the park is too dark to drive in without danger of overturning our conveyance; don't you think so?"

"Perhaps it is, so I will turn to the drive further to the left," said he.

The rain began to fall faster and the wind blew in wilder gusts. Occasional flashes of lightning added a painful item to my surroundings, but they enabled me to see that we were now on a drive which led to the main entrance of the park.

"Are you afraid now?" he asked, and I noticed he had observed where we were.

"Afraid! Why should I fear when with you?"

"That's right. I knew you were not afraid of me. I am your only protector to-night. But see my instruments!" he said, producing a flat leather case, such as surgeons carry. "They came from Paris. When we go to that light yonder, you can examine them."

In a few moments he had stopped before an electric lamp. Quickly opening the case he displayed to my horrified gaze a set of fine surgical instruments.

"Are they not beautiful?" he queried, turning his brilliant eyes upon me.

"I think they are very fine," I replied, with a sickening dread creeping over me. Nerving myself to appear calm, I continued, "But what use can they be to you to-night? I am quite certain you will not need them."

"I can explain something to you," he said, in a most earnest way. His restless manner vanished and his demeanor calmed into that of a scholar about to convey valuable secrets of long study and laborious years of toil. "For years I have spent time and money in the effort to wrest a secret from the depths of nature, and at last I have a clear conception of that which I have striven so ardently to gain. I have made the most wonderful discovery in the realm of science, and to-night I will prove it—prove it to you and the world! I will be the greatest benefactor the world has ever known! Listen. There are nerves which lead to certain centers of the brain. These centers govern certain faculties. The nerves I speak of are in double sets of twos, threes, fours, and fives, each set balancing and serving as a check upon the other."

"My discovery is that by cutting the nerves of a set so as to allow the corresponding set only to act on the brain, the faculty governed by that set of nerves will develop prodigiously. Thus, you see, if I cut the set of nerves whose office is to hold your sense or faculty of right in check, in a little while you will be powerless to do a wrong act, because that faculty will control you perfectly through its increased power."

As he rapidly went over his jargon I sought in vain to attract attention without creating a scene. I determined to spring from the coupe, scream for help and make the best of my way to the park entrance. Silently I placed my hand on the fastening of the coupe doors—it was firmly locked.

"Now, Miss Ora, I wish to make you the best woman on earth. I have brought you here to-night to verify, by experiment, that my secret is destined to make mankind better and nobler."

His eyes sparkled and moved about in their sockets with marvelous quickness. The man seemed surcharged with excitement, and I momentarily grew more and more unable to withstand the strain upon my nerves. A thought came to me.

"I believe I have a nervous chill," I said, with a convulsive shiver. "I am subject to them, and if not attended to at once, I suffer severely. Have you your medicine case with you?"

He turned and regarded me strangely, and appeared astonished.

"No, I have not," he replied; "but your condition will seriously interfere with my experiment."

"Can we not wait until to-morrow night?" I quickly responded, with eager hope pulsating in my breast.

"Will you promise to keep my secret?" he asked, cautiously.

"I promise faithfully."

"And, when you have realized the greatness of my discovery, will you become my wife?"

"I give you my word that I will do so, Mr. Sutherland."

Without a word further on the subject, he spoke to the horse and we were on our way home. He said but little, and seemed to be thinking intently. Arriving at my steps, he unlocked the door and assisted me to alight.

"Remember your promise," he whispered, gazing steadily into my face with his bright, restless eyes.

"I will," I replied, and bounded up the steps. He mistrusted my actions, for I heard him spring after me. In a trice I opened the door and closed it, the spring lock making it secure. I heard a muttered curse, and all grew dark. I had failed.

The morning papers contained an account of the arrest of an insane man found wandering in the streets, whose name was Robert Sutherland; but they did not relate my terrible experience in the park.

His Last Request.

Many long years ago old Spork sent an article to one of the leading magazines, which was promptly accepted and paid for. Since that time Spork has bought a magazine every month in the expectation of seeing his article in print, and has already squandered in this manner a very substantial fortune—but the article has not appeared.

The other day he sat down and wrote the following letter to the editor of the magazine:

"My once princely fortune is squandered in buying copies of your magazine, in the expectation of seeing my article, written sixty-three years ago, in the vigor and buoyancy of my youth, published therein. My health is broken; my hopes are blasted; I feel the near approach of death. These are my last wishes, and I wish to be buried, and consequently I wish you to heed the request of a dying man. I am 97 years of age, and cannot possibly live another year. At most I can buy but three or four copies more of your magazine; and so you cannot make another dollar by withholding the publication of my article. As a further inducement to publication I will refund the amount of the original check paid for the article, provided it is published before my death. Yours respectfully, "JOHN SPORK."

—Detroit Free Press.

There's Nothing Like Leather.

The day will come when the present mode of protecting the foot of the horse will be discovered to be a mistake. Its horny substance was never intended to be pierced by nails. No wonder that so many horses fall lame and are perpetually ruined. We were recently shown a horse shod in leather. It struck us as an excellent idea and worthy of adoption. We should not be surprised to learn that leather shoes had superseded shoes of iron. If, however, iron be a necessity, let it be nailed on the leather shoe. Now, shoemakers, please get up a neat set, and show them to all your horsey friends. Don't take "no" for an answer; stick to them till you have overcome their prejudices. When you have succeeded, apply to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for a medal, and if they decline to give you one, be content to know that you have done more good than the society in question with all its wealth. —Scottish Leather Trader.

If you speak what you will, you shall hear what you dislike.

BOUND TO THE MAST.

BY HENDRICK HUDSON.

On the bank of a small river that emptied its waters into an arm of the Gulf of Mexico, in the State of Florida, once lived a wealthy planter by the name of Moncreith. The house was located on the bank of the river, and commanded a view for some miles in either direction. The dwelling, with its large grove of orange trees and its negro cabins grouped in the rear, looked not unlike a large depot at the side of a Western village.

Moncreith's family consisted of a Sherman and two daughters, Grace and Hebe, aged twenty and eighteen respectively. Grace was winning in her manners, nor was she lacking in beauty; but it was reserved to Hebe to reign as the belle of the country for miles around.

Many of the young men, sons of neighboring planters, were ready to fall at her feet, and offer themselves a sacrifice on the altar of Hymen. Among all the suitors for her hand, Hebe seemed to prefer Milton Montague, a young man who had just attained his twenty-first year. Perhaps it was his extreme modesty that found him a plain in the eyes of the other admirers of the planter's daughter gradually drew off and gave up the contest.

Among the frequenters of the Moncreith mansion was a young sea captain by the name of Mark Melville. Mark was captain of a coasting vessel called the Grey Eagle. Knowing people said that young Melville was engaged in smuggling goods into the United States from Cuba, and occasionally from St. Thomas, N. P. He himself said that he was engaged in legitimate trade, running between one of the small towns on the coast and New Orleans.

Mark had become desperately enamored of Miss Moncreith, and was not long in offering his hand and heart, but was kindly yet firmly refused. This threw him into a terrible rage; and Hebe, being pressed for her refusal of his offer, did not hesitate to inform him that she was already engaged to Milton Montague. Melville smothered his rage, but fully resolved on revenge. In order to disarm suspicion, and encompass his infernal designs, he at once sought an intimacy with Milton Montague, and, under the guise of friendship, succeeded in inducing him to take a cruise with him on the Grey Eagle.

The evening was a delightful one as they sailed. The land breeze that filled the sails was richly perfumed with tropical flowers. The sailors were gathered in little knots on deck, spinning yarns, as sailors so love to do. The night was a glorious one; the moon now having attained her full size came up from her watery bed far clearer than the day, causing the gentle waves to gleam like molten silver.

Captain Melville and Montague were pacing the deck back and forth—the latter enjoying his first voyage at sea, while the former was racking his brain for some scheme by which he would be able to rid himself of a successful rival.

The breeze suddenly died out, and the sails flapped idly against the masts. The sailors as quickly ceased to talk, and every eye was searching the sky for a storm-cloud, which the sudden dying of the breeze foreboded.

"We shall have a storm to-night, I fear," said Melville.

"I pray God we may not," returned Montague.

"Why?"

"Because a storm in this latitude is fearful enough on land; it must be doubly so on the ocean."

Melville only chuckled, and told the man aloft to keep a sharp lookout for signs of a storm. They had not long to wait until the man shouted down that he saw a small cloud low down on the horizon to the westward. The captain at once gave orders to take in sail, and the men went to work with a will.

Rapidly as the men did their work, still more rapidly came the storm cloud. At first a mere ink-spot, it grew like Jonah's gourd; and as it advanced, it spread in width around the horizon until it presented one bold, broad front, across which the lightning zig-zagged or shone forth in vivid flashes.

All was bustle, but not confusion. The men worked earnestly, and hour after hour the duty assigned him, for there was a guiding hand whom they recognized as master. On came the cloud, and presently a roaring sound that grew louder as it approached. Every sail save one had been taken in. The wind struck the vessel, and she was almost thrown on her beam ends. The sea was now a mere white water, sped away like a bird before the gale. The single sail was blown into ribbons and floated out in long streamers.

By the advice of the Captain, Milton Montague had gone below as the storm drew near, and before the hatches were fastened down. Hours after the wind howled through the rigging and the rain fell in torrents. The waves tossed as if in the wildest agony. The men, though drenched to the skin, stood manfully at their posts. There seemed to be a slight lull in the storm, when the Captain went below. When he returned, he called the men to the deck, and shaking off the rain, and told them that the young man had gone stark mad, occasioned by the fear of the storm, and that, as they could not spare any men to watch him, they must secure him and bring him on deck.

To command was to be obeyed, and the mate, with half a dozen men at his heels, descended into the cabin and soon returned with Montague, making all the resistance possible, for he no doubt supposed there was some conspiracy on board, and that he was to be cast overboard. They bound him fast to the mast, and then left him.

They had scarcely performed the duty assigned them, when a great sea came, and the fearful cry "Breaker ahead!" The vessel was quickly put about, and sail after sail unfurled, but they were blown into pieces or literally wrenched from their fastenings. The crew stood in despair, for the vessel was slowly but surely drifting to destruction.

The vessel struck with a shock that caused every timber to crack and tremble. The Captain ordered the boats to be lowered, and the men into them.

"Are you not going to take your friend with us?" asked the mate.

"No," said the Captain, "he is already insane, and it is an unnecessary difference to him whether he lives or dies."

The men were in no condition to ask questions, and so took their places in the boat. The Captain approached the spot where young Montague was lashed to the mast, and with the look of a demon on his countenance, said:

"Perhaps now you know what it is to cross Captain Melville in love. When I found that you were the accepted suitor for the hand of Hebe Moncreith I vowed that you should be put out of the way. Now, die at your leisure! I leave you to Neptune, God, and the devil—plead your own case; and before young Montague could utter a word in supplication, the Captain turned away and joined his crew in the boat.

Perhaps the God that stills the storm heard that long, piercing wail for mercy that young Montague uttered when he found that he was left to a fate more horrible than he had ever dreamed of bestowing upon the most of all God's creatures. He heard the boats as they pulled away and left him to his awful doom.

Through that long and fearful night he expected each moment would be his last on earth. Breaker after breaker poured its waters over the deck, and threatened to crush the vessel beneath their powerful weight. He could see the torches far off on the shore, and he doubted not that the crew had landed in safety.

At last the streak of dawn appeared in the east, the storm had spent its fury, and, although the waves ran high, it was evident that it was growing calmer. About nine o'clock in the morning he could see boats approaching, dancing like feathers upon the troubled waters. Milton wondered if it was his late comrades returning to release him.

The men clambered upon the deck; their faces were all strange, but he was not in learning that they were those fearless—men he had almost said lawless—men, the wreckers of the Florida reefs. They released him from his perilous situation, and informed him of the entire crew of the Grey Eagle had perished, as their boat and many of the bodies of the men had already washed ashore.

Montague made his way back to his home, and in a short time had the pleasure of leading the fair Hebe to the altar of Hymen. He has never forgotten that horrible night on the Grey Eagle.

Bill Nye on Butter.

ASHVILLE, N. C., 1887.

MY DEAR SON—I wish you would please change the address of my paper to this place, where your mother and I are now staying. I got the *Retina* all right last week, and see that you are going to enlarge it, so I have sold my yard in order to prepare for the event.

What is your idea for enlarging the paper before the town enlarges? Of course I am no journalist, but I have often thought that if I had been doomed to issue a paper like the *Retina*, I would not get a power to sell it till the town got a good dark-blue book-and-ladder company and a post-office.

I hope you will not try to issue a daily paper, anyhow, till we see how stock looks when grass grows again.

I like your editorial on "Mark Antony." I wish you would incidentally pick up a few others of those old people and weigh them. That is one of the luxuries of running a paper yourself. You can speak pick all over these people.

I would like to hear what your honest convictions are in regard to Diogenes. It would be worth almost what I have put into your paper as a silent partner.

You can have no idea, Henry, how it swells me up with pride and lofty distention to know that while I am sleeping calmly under my roof-tree, as I heard a man call it once, you are showing up those old friends like Julius Caesar and Hamlet and Portentous and Andronicus and Mrs. Potiphar and other people who have become historical.

While other people are frittering away their time talking about highway tax and boards of health and all such stuff as that you are making a red-hot paper of to-day; a paper that fairly boils over with your honest convictions about the political aspect of the time that Caesar took charge of the tribune; a paper that shows the average reader that you are smart, whether you give them the kind of stuff they want or not.

That was my idea when I sent you away to that Female Seminary, or whatever it was, where you went to get educated. I wanted you to come out with a whole lot of thoughts that showed right on their face that they were expensive. I wanted you to be able to tell down at the store how much A. B. and C. would each have to grind off a circular griststone four feet three and one-half inches in diameter, with a square hole in the center three and one-fourth inches each way, provided A pays one-sixth of the price of the stone, B one-half, and C the balance, with the understanding that C shall receive five per cent. more than his share, provided he will turn the griststone. I wanted you to be able to talk with foreigners in their own native tongue the darkest night that ever blew. I desired that you might become a man who could walk up to an Italian as he plays his organ and ask you to comment and to tell him in his own musical alarm-clock language what you think of him.

So it pleases me to know that you are printing a paper now, so you can show off to advantage what I have invested in you.

Press right on. Keep writing up these overestimated men like Moses, and I do not care what you can provide you rise rapidly yourself, even if you do so upon the wreck and ruin of such men as Demosthenes and other people whom you will no doubt show up before you get through.

I hope you will lead up to Columbus and Patrick Henry in time to get through with the time about the Sheriff.

After while I want to write a little article for your paper, not so much for the purpose of saying anything, but in order to show the contrast between the polished work of a well-educated, smart young man and the crude efforts of a plain man who is entirely untrained for everything except paternal purposes.

We are having a good time here in the South, enjoying the climate and making experiments with the butter which is produced here.

As warm weather approaches the mountain butter of North Carolina is getting its air and is becoming truly luscious. Henry, that, although I am no epicure as a general rule, I have had my palate tickled more since I came here than I ever did before.

Butter made in the fastnesses of the hills in Buncombe County is mostly of a pale pink gray, with a pin-stripe in it of ultramarine. This does not look badly, and it sets off a home-made first-rate.

This butter is not eaten by the people who manufacture it. They are poor sometimes, and have to eat most anything that will sustain life, but they draw the line at this butter.

I went out into the brush last week to buy a load of wood, and I took tea with a gentleman who lives in an open-face cottage on the other side of the mountains. I then discovered that these people do not eat their own butter.

I did not notice any butter, but they had given as a substitute for it. Corn-dodger and of itself will not melt in the mouth, so I looked around for a means of lubricating my own. At that time the warm-hearted and hospitable host made the following remark: "Stranger, you mustn't be squeamish. Just swallow your dinner in the dope. That's the way we do."

I then proceeded to waller.

Easy, Because Natural.

Eastern lecture bureau manager (to latest addition)—"Now, don't forget to introduce a few remarks on temperance while in the West."

Lecturer—"Can you suggest anything fitting?"

Manager—"Well, yes; in high license States just call the people's attention to the benefits of prohibition, and in prohibition States remark upon the illicit traffic in whiskey; three-quarters of the citizens are from the East, and nothing is quite so taking as a thrust at the State or municipal governments."

—Detroit Free Press.

A Story of Jesse James.

One of my friends told me the following story of Jesse James:

"I was traveling in a boudoir car, and another man was in the same section. After a time I grew hungry, and asked him if he knew at what time we could get something to eat. He replied that that was a subject in which he took no interest, because when a boy he had been shot in the stomach, and that he could eat only once a day, and then only food prepared especially for him, and that he always carried with him."

"He said that his name was Knight, and that he had formerly made quite a reputation as a boy orator; that he had been a great favorite in England, and had been given many presents, most of them jewels of great value, and among them was one given him by Queen Victoria, which was especially valuable."

"He had been traveling through this country with his manager, and had given an exhibition at St. Louis. While there he had his jewels on exhibition, and they had been much admired and talked about."

"His manager had been invited to bring him to Jefferson City, and after exhibiting there they had decided to visit Kansas City."

"At that time there was no railroad to Kansas City, and after leaving the train they had to travel about fifteen miles by stage."

"There were two stages starting, and a couple of drummers told his manager that the last stage was the more comfortable, so they took that."

"When they had traveled for some distance they heard some horsemen coming rapidly after them, and very soon the stage was stopped and they were compelled to get out."

"The robbers went through everyone and took all they had, but they still said they were not satisfied; that they had come after those jewels the boy orator carried about, and they meant to have them."

"The manager asserted that they were not there, and allowed them to go through the trunks, which they did without finding them, as one of the trunks had a false bottom in which the jewels were concealed."

"The men, however, were not satisfied, and said they meant to have those jewels anyhow, and finally the boy became so frightened that he went to his manager and told him to let them have them."

"Among other things the boy had in his trunk a large album of photographs which had been given him by his friends, and which he valued very much. Jesse James picked this up, and after looking at it said, 'I guess this will do for Mag.'"

"The boy pleaded with him for some time, but to no purpose, and James pushed him away, telling him to 'Get out'; then he became angry, and snatching the book from the robber's hand started to run."

"Jesse James drew his revolver and shot him through the stomach, remarking, 'I never allow man, beast or devil to treat me that way.'"

"For weeks he lay ill in Kansas City, and finally went to St. Joseph and lived."

"It was not until long afterward that he learned that it was Jesse James who had shot him, and he then found that his assailant had lived for a long time within sight of his home at St. Joseph."

—New York Graphic.

Saved the Empress' Life.

Many American physicians are among the ablest, but their profession rests on a false hypothesis. It has nothing to do with science, and cannot have until it has vastly advanced. Marked improvement has been made in therapeutics. Our physicians compare very favorably with those of Europe. After the Empress Eugenie had given birth to the Prince Imperial an important operation was necessary, and all the celebrated doctors resident there were called in, among them Dr. Johnson, now dead. During her treatment it was found, to their consternation, that the blood had left her brain. She was in momentary peril of losing her life. A solemn consultation took place. Nobody could advise except Johnson, who declared he could remedy the evil. He held her up by the heels and the blood flowed back to her brain. He saved her life. Not one of the Parisian sages would have dreamed of offering so monstrous an indignity to the Empress of the French, but the indignity, as they afterward acknowledged, was preferable to her death. —Chicago News.

Portraits of the Speakers.

In the House corridor on the south side of the chamber, known as "the Speaker's lobby," are hung a number of photographs and crayons of the various gentlemen who have been chosen to preside over the House. Most of these are indifferent pictures, those representing the earlier Speakers being enlarged photographs, copied from such pictures of the subjects as were obtainable. Information has been received from the Governor of Massachusetts to the effect that an appropriation has been made by that State to supply oil paintings of such citizens of the Bay State as have been Speakers of the House. This is an example which will be doubtless followed by the Legislatures of other States; and in a few years, it is hoped, a valuable and creditable collection of oil paintings of all the men who have been chosen to preside over the House will take the place of the indifferent pictures that now hang upon the walls of the Speaker's lobby. —Cor. Philadelphia Ledger.

A Playwright's Superstition.

A gambler will borrow to give to a beggar for luck. I have known actors imbued with the same sentiment. I once knew one dramatist who owned the superstition. He had a play coming out, and the night it was to be produced, just before the curtain went up, a beggar tackled him. He gave him a dime.

"There," said he, "that's good luck. My play will be a go."

It was a terrible failure.

"I wish I'd given him half a dollar!" he said. The superstition was all right. The amount hadn't been enough to appease the goddess Fortune. —San Francisco Chronicle.